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ON THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

She: THIS IS MINERVA.

He: WAS SHE MARRIED?

She: NO, SHE WAS THE GODDESS OF WISDOM.

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· LIFE ·

C. C. CUNTHER'S SONS FURS

SEAL SKIN JACKETS, WRAPS AND CLOAKS,
SHOULDER CAPES, PELERINES, MUFFS, ETC.,
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KRAKAUER

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anteed without per-
sonal fitting.

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smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to
prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette
a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and
not a low priced article.

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the finest for the pipe.

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This exquisite perfume is made from the
true violets. In the past the high price of
the genuine violet perfume has prevented many
from indulging in this luxury, but the price of
this article makes it a necessity to those who
love the flower. The remembrance of the
cheap imitations of violet water and extracts
should not prevent all lovers of violets from
trying this delicious perfume.

For Sale in 8 oz., 4 oz. and small
size bottles.

PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS,

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.

BOSTON and CHICAGO.

A FOOLISH TEXT.

LOVE thy neighbor as thyself?"
 What a foolish preacher!
 Thou art dearer than myself,
 Neighbor, sweetheart, teacher.

None is equal to thyself,
 Thou art far above me,
 And I dare not ask myself
 "Would she stoop to love me?"

None I love except thyself—
 Kneel in awe before thee—
 And I only hate myself
 That I'm all unworthy.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself!"
 Parson's lost his labor,
 Fool I'd be to love myself
 As I love my neighbor.

Wilson K. Welsh.



FORCE OF HABIT.

"JOHN," SAID A LADY TO HER VERY SICK HUSBAND "THE DOCTOR IS DOWN STAIRS AND WANTS TO SEE YOU."
 "TELL HIM I'M OUT AND HE'LL HAVE TO CALL AGAIN," SAID JOHN FROM SHEER FORCE OF HABIT.

SIMPLY BRUTAL.

MABEL MEADOWSWEET: So you refused him. What did the poor fellow say?

LAURA LAYOVEREM: He said he knew a girl who would marry him and be glad to.

MABEL: I wonder whom he meant.

LAURA: I wondered, too, so I asked him.

MABEL: Who was it?

LAURA: You.

CRITIC: What does that fashionably attired young man with wings represent?

CARTOONIST: The angel of style.

CRITIC: Who ever saw an angel wear a silk hat and a suit of clothes?

CARTOONIST: Who ever saw one that didn't?

MCCORKLE: Isn't Briggs naturally a lazy man?

MCCRACKLE: Not exactly lazy; but he seems to think it is unhealthy to work between meals.

CUMSO: There's nothing in it!

FANGLE: Nothing in what?

CUMSO: In a vacuum.

POLICEMAN: Do you have to take care of the dog?

NURSE-GIRL: No. The missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children.



5 A. M.

The Rev. Dr.: WELL, WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT?

Traveler: CAN'T YOU MARRY US THROUGH THE WINDOW? THE OLD MAN ISN'T TWO MILES BEHIND.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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IT is a glad sight, albeit one that is none too common, to see a great, representative christian, taking a hand in practical affairs in the true christian spirit. Such a figure lately appeared in the person of Cardinal Manning, exerting his utmost powers, finally with success, to bring the striking dock laborers to terms with the companies that employ them. The Cardinal at eighty-one, laboring strenuously day after day to add a penny an hour to dock-men's wages, and stop a strike that was full of disastrous consequences, is a sight to encourage all of us to hope that the reign of perpetual peace is coming our way.

HENRY IVES wanted to go and come from the jail to the Court House "like a gentleman," and without handcuffs on his wrists. What a pity it is, that his gentlemanly squeamishness came too late. Without defending the practice of putting handcuffs on an unconvicted prisoner, which in his case seemed unnecessary, it is proper to point out that some of the best of gentlemen have worn irons at their wrists, but no one who was really worthy to be called a gentleman ever forged or stole railroads. In view of Ives's record, it really seems unnecessary that he should distress himself about his pretty wrists.

ONE beneficent effect of the great storm—perhaps its sole beneficent effect—was to wipe the taste of the Hamilton story out of the public mouth. It was almost worth such a flood to get such a result. The story was a nine days' wonder; with a day or two to spare. The flood cleaned it all up, and left Mr. Hamilton to go over the remnants of his reputation in private and see if it is possible to do anything with the pieces.

The *Sun's* article about him was almost as notable as a famous article that once appeared in the *Evening Post* about another statesman who was smirched by scandal, but, oh dear! nothing like as hopelessly as Mr. Hamilton. When the *Sun* tried to make out that it was the assemblyman's

angelic purity that made all the trouble, somehow we disbelieved it; and yet it is easily understood that a worse man would hardly have got into just this sort of a scrape.

Let Mr. Hamilton thank his lucky stars that he is a man, and not a woman. Being a man we are all anxious to forgive him, especially as it won't cost us anything. Just think, Sir Charles Dilke was Bismarck's guest the other day, and Valentine Baker died a hero. The world loves to see a man repent of his sins. It is just barely willing that a woman shall repent of hers if she does it unobtrusively.

THERE has been an interesting church row in Utica, which culminated ten days ago in a farewell sermon from Dr. Hartley to the Dutch Reformed Congregation to which he had ministered for eighteen years. It seems that there had long been some grounds for mutual dissatisfaction between the clergyman and some members of his flock. His salary hung fire sometimes when pay day came around; his parsonage got insufficient repairs, and men who never came inside the church doors wanted to boss the institution. But the rift that finally spoiled the lute for use entirely, was the fact, that the Doctor's son went off and joined the Episcopal church, with the intention, it is said, of taking orders in it. When that happened the consistory gave the Doctor warning, and he promptly, very properly it seems to us, retired, averring among other things, that they had meddled in an unwarranted degree with his family affairs.

Two of the most important questions of the day concern the statuses of clergymen and of cooks. Of both of them it is true that uncertainty exists whether they are under our control or we are subject to them. When a clergyman has the notion that he has been called to a church to run it, and the congregation have the idea that they have hired him to preach to them, there is liable to be trouble. In like manner when a cook holds that she is queen of the kitchen, and the mistress holds that the kitchen is part of the house, and that she herself will govern the whole institution, the house becomes split against itself. The days when pastors were masters are as far gone by as the days when cooks were slaves. Pastors in these days have to take their congregations as they find them and minister to them according to their capacity to receive ministrations, and if the minister and his flock fail to work together for good, they part. Since authority has gone out, it takes all the wisdom of the serpent to manage a congregation, or a cook, and widespread is the consequent travail both in churches and in households.



The Sun: AWAKE! AWAKE! THOU SLUGGARD; I HAVE BEEN UP FOR OVER TWO HOURS, AND AM THOUSANDS OF MILES ON MY WAY.

The Sluggard: THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SMARTY, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO FOOT IT OVER A GRAVEL ROAD WITH ONE SHOE GONE.

QUESTIONS IN INDUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY.

A YOUNG lady went into a store and asked for No. 11 shoes. In what large western city did she live?

D. STUMP, of Burnt Cabin, York County, Pa., can put a large goose egg in his mouth and close his lips without crushing the shell. What is the color of D. Stump's cuticle?

A FOREIGN gentleman addressed a native the other day in these words: "No checkee, no shirtee." In what country was the foreign gentleman born?

IN a certain barroom a man arose and made this remark: "Colonel, will you take a drink?" Every man in the room rose, saying: "Thanks! Don't care if I do." In what State did this take place?

MISS SUMMIT: I had such a delightful time at Newport.

MISS PALISADE (*who owns a cottage at Bar Harbor*): Ah, indeed? How did you find the- hotel there?

SHE DOES NOT GIVE UP HOPE.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN (*to Susan B. Anthony*): I notice that they have been celebrating the 250th anniversary of some New England towns. You and I will not live to see the next one.

SUSAN B. (*with some asperity*): I'm not so sure about that.

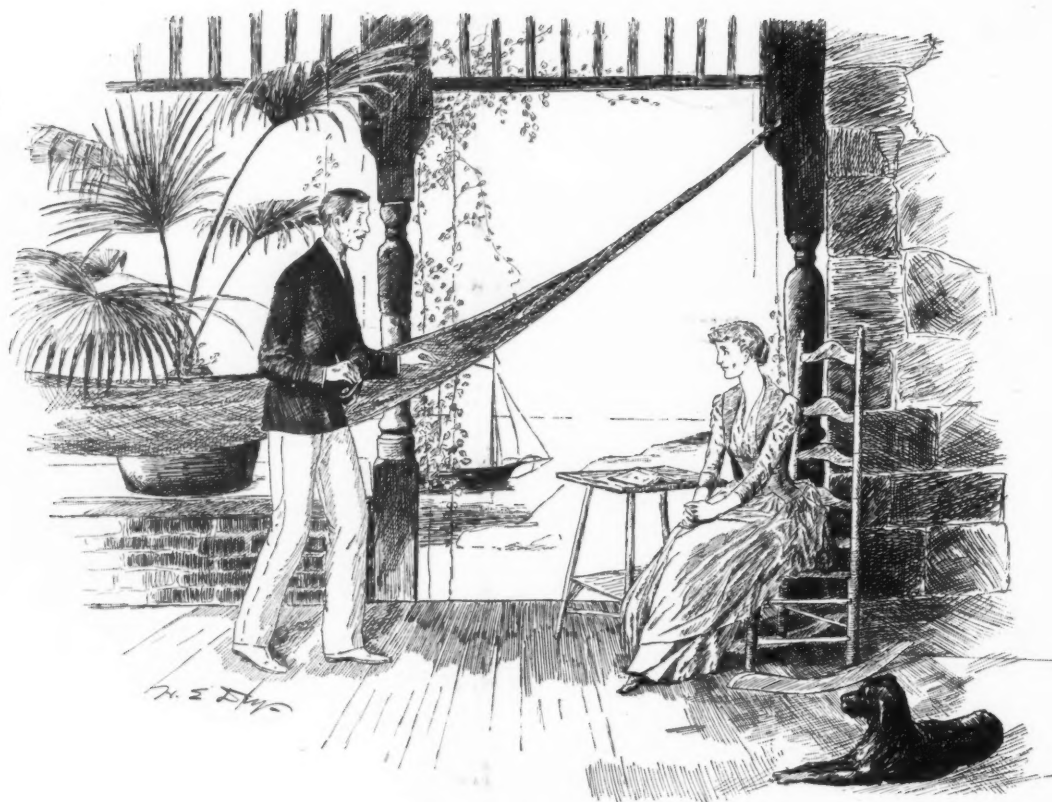
"FATHER," faltered the miserable youth, "I have a terrible confession to make. Last night I murdered a man in cold blood!"

"Alas! my son," replied the stricken parent, "this is terrible! The next thing I hear, you will be wearing a high hat with a sack coat."



He: THIS IS A NICE STATE OF THINGS AND WE ARE ONLY FOUR MONTHS MARRIED. I'M ALMOST CRAZY AT SEEING YOU GADDING ABOUT WITH MY OLD RIVAL. YOU RECOLLECT WHAT YOU PROMISED AT THE ALTAR?

She: INDEED I DON'T, DEAR. I WAS SO NERVOUS THEN THAT I DON'T REMEMBER THE LEAST THING.



HE WAS GOING FAR AWAY.

"GOOD-BYE, MISS GILLYFLOWER, I AM GOING FAR AWAY—I WILL NOT RETURN."

"BUT YOU WILL WRITE TO ME OFTEN, WON'T YOU, MR. MUSHY."

"Oh, may I! I DID NOT DARE TO ASK—OH, MISS GILLYFLOWER! YOUR FEELINGS TOWARD ME MUST HAVE CHANGED THAT YOU PERMIT IT!"

"OH, NO. YOU SEE SOME OF US GIRLS ARE TO HAVE A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE PATAGONIANS IF WE COLLECT A MILLION POSTAGE STAMPS, AND EVERY ONE WILL HELP, YOU KNOW."



Before

OUR FRESH AIR FUND



After

Checks for Fresh Air Fund should be drawn to the order of LIFE.

FALLING leaves and whistling winds are the latest arrivals at LIFE'S VILLAGE. Some of our guests are not sufficiently acquainted with the country to know that these arrivals mean an end to summer pleasures, and picture our village as a place where it is always summer. In their brief experience the change of season has hitherto been heralded by the policeman on the block changing his grey helmet for a black one and by the earlier lighting of the kerosene lamp. Those who are witnessing the change that is now going on at the village will come back to tell of it to incredulous auditors who know the village only as a place of perpetual sunshine.

Previously acknowledged	\$8,037.50	"For the Fresh Air Fund," A.B.	4.00
From E. J. H.	5.00	"For Anna's Sake"	10.00
Erastus E. Brooks	15.00	Dr. J. W. Pinkham	7.50

Proceeds of a Fair gotten up by the ladies of Brooklyn, Conn., for the Fresh Air Fund	136.41
A's Dime Bank	10.00
Freddy's Penny Bank	1.00

In His Name	4.00
"From Daisy and Dory," the proceeds of a Fair	5.75
Marion	5.00
Total	\$8,249.16

PROPERTY OWNER (to organ-grinder): I'll give you five cents if you'll stop playing and clear out.

ORGAN-GRINDER (striking up "Sweet Violets"): Ten cents for brown stone fronta.

NEW BOOKS

CHATA AND CHINITA. A novel. By Louise Palmer Heaven. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

French and English. A comparison. By Philip Gilbert Hammerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Strength. How to Get Strong and Keep Strong. By Richard A. Proctor. London and New York: Longmans, Green Company.

Little Maids. By Miss F. Brundage. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

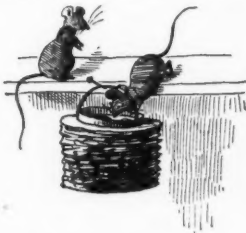
An Eerie He and She. By Alan Dale. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

The Sale of Mrs. Adral. By F. H. Costellow. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

"ALL a woman asks is to be loved," says a gushing poet. Then all this stuff about her wanting new bonnets and sealskin sacks must be a vile slander.

WITH the Esquimaux there's snow place like home.

A FARO LAYOUT.—A mummy.



"I SAY, NIBBLER, I SEE A NICE CANDLE IN THERE."
"TAKE MY ADVICE AND DON'T GO AFTER IT."



"THERE, I TOLD YOU SO"



The only Son of the Millionaire: OH, MABEL, DO YOU LOVE ME?

Mabel: NO.

The Son: THEN YOU WON'T MARRY ME?

Mabel: OF COURSE I WILL!

RIDING HIS HOBBY.

MR. PRIMUS: Your friend Oldham is a queer character, isn't he, Secundus?

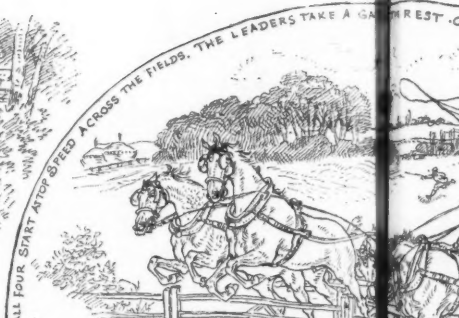
MR. SECUNDUS: Oh, I don't know. He is quite an accomplished fellow, I can tell you.

MR. PRIMUS: I saw that he had a good many hobbies. Something of an antiquary, too, isn't he?

MR. SECUNDUS: No, not that I know of.

MR. PRIMUS: Well, I heard him ask Miss Whitehead, point-blank, how old she was.

A FLOCK OF SHEEP DISTURBS OUR PROGRESS
THEY GET ENTANGLED IN OUR TEAM FRIGHTENING THE
LEADERS AND MAKING THE WHEELERS
RESTIVE.



ALL FOUR START AFTER SPEED ACROSS THE FIELDS. THE LEADERS TAKE A GALLOP REST C



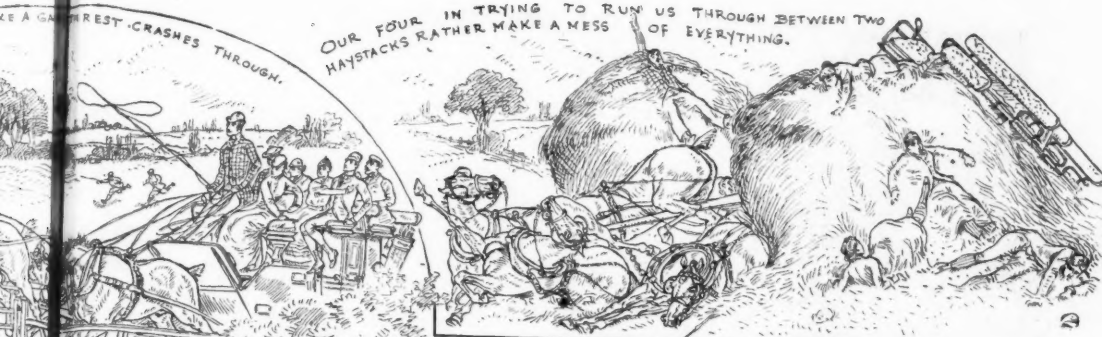
WE PULL UP IN TRUE STYLE AT AN INN FOR REFRESHMENTS.
THE VILLAGE TURNS OUT "EN MASSE"

• IN THE SUBURBS OF A LARGE C
AS WE ARE REACHING THE SEMI-CIVILIZATION OF A LARGE PR
HAVE THOUGHT IT BEST TO ASSERT OUR NEW-YORK PRECEDEN BY APPE
PIE ORDER. THEREFORE, WE LOOK "QUITE FIT" ALL OVER. WE MEET A C
WAY OUT AND EXCHANGE THE ROAD CIVILITIES..

THAT COACHING T

KE A GARDEN CRASHES THROUGH.

OUR FOUR IN TRYING TO RUN US THROUGH BETWEEN TWO
HAYSTACKS RATHER MAKE A MESS OF EVERYTHING.



GRAY-PARKER

A LARGE CITY.
OF A LARGE PROVINCIAL CITY. WE
DEPEND ON APPEARING IN TOWN IN APPLE
WE MEET A COACH AND PARTY ON THE



FARMER BUMPKIN HAVING A HEAVY LOAD OF CABBAGES ABOARD AND RELYING ON HIS WEIGHT HAD EVIDENTLY
TRIED TO LAND US ON THE OFF SIDE OF THE ROAD.

ING TRIP.—II.



A MATHEMATICAL EXPERT.

Teacher: IF A MAN HAS TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OF ICE IN HIS WAGON AND ONE-FOURTH OF IT IS LOST BY MELTING, HOW MANY POUNDS DO HIS CUSTOMERS PAY FOR?

Boy (whose father is in the business): THREE THOUSAND POUNDS.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

THE Sun shines as gladly
As ever, but sadly,
My Pegasus falters, that cantered so free;
For the sweet Summer passes
And all the fair lasses
Are flitting away from the hills and the sea.

The Autumn winds whistle,
And the down of a thistle
Like the ghost of a snowflake slants swift thro' the air;
And Love packs his quiver
With a sigh and a shiver,
And hastes some conventional garments to wear.

E. D. G.

MERELY A MISUNDERSTANDING.

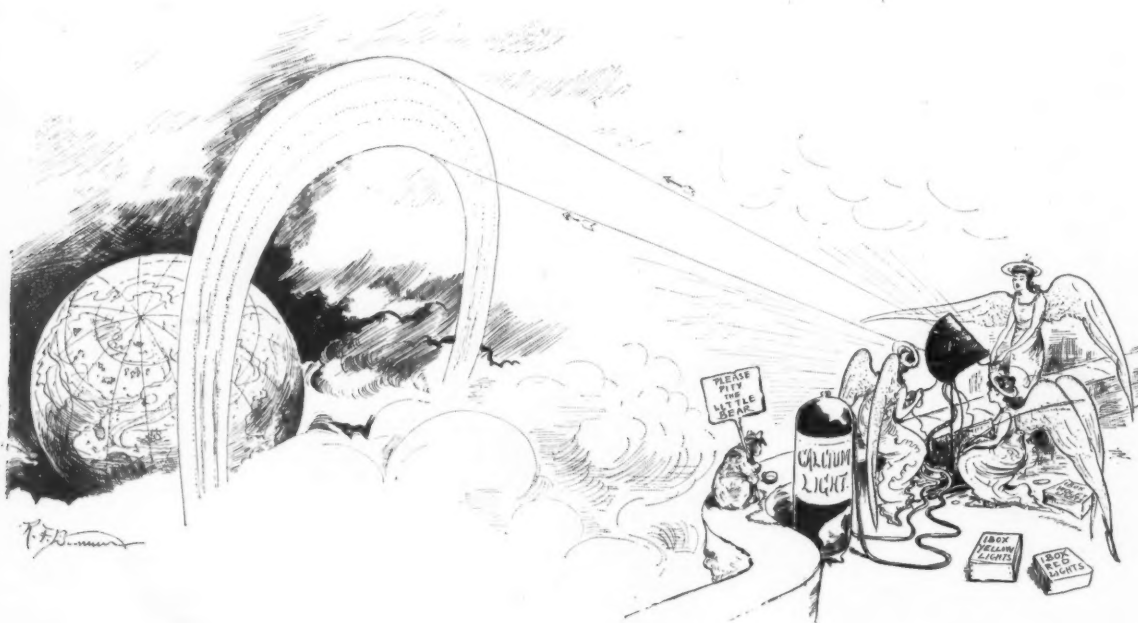
REPUBLICAN: I am gratified to hear you admit that Mr. Harrison appoints only first-class men as postmasters.

DEMOCRAT: You misunderstood me, my friend; what I said was that he appoints only first-class postmasters.

BOBLEY: There goes a man who lives higher than some of our most noted millionaires.

WIGGINS: Who is he?

BOBLEY: Janitor of a fourteen-story office building.



THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

HOW RAINBOWS ARE MADE.

A MISJUDGED ART STUDENT.

OLD GROGGS (*severely*): Harry, I am sorry you have deceived me so. I followed you from your studio to the house, and noticed that you entered four saloons on the way home. You can't have spent less than a dollar for rum.

YOUNG GROGGS: Father, you wrong me. Whiskey is only \$1.16 a gallon, and I'm sure I didn't drink more than eight cents worth. The balance went for the privilege of viewing examples of the beautiful in art.

TUITION FOR GEORGE.

EASTERN SPECULATOR: Who is that man on the monument?

CITIZEN (*of Mudville, Northern Dakota*): Why, that's George Washington, the man who couldn't tell a lie, you know.

EASTERN SPECULATOR: Ah, I see, and they put him up there to get some pointers from real estate agents.

REASONABLE GRIEF.

REV. DR. ELITE (*after the funeral*): Come, cheer up, my dear Mrs. Bon Ton. Your husband is now in a better land.

MRS. BON TON: Yes, I know that, doctor, and mourning becomes me charmingly. But (*bursting into a deluge of tears*), when shall I ever find a man to whom dear Fido will be so attached as he was to Charlie?

ALL is fair in love, war and Chicago.



Johnnie: IS GOD IRISH?
Sunday-School Teacher: WHY NO, MY DEAR. WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A QUESTION?
Johnnie: COZ, HE ALWAYS SAYS "YE."



A MOMENT OF ANGUISH.

"OOF DOT COW COMES ANY FURDER DOT WAY I OM A LOSHT MAN FOR SURE, UNT I VOS TO HAF A SETTLEMENT MIT DER FIRE INSHOORANCE ON VEDNESDAY!"

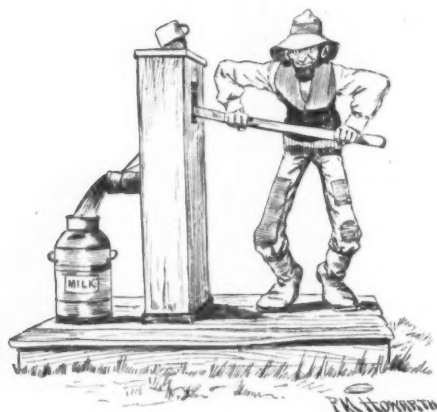
ADAPTED ADAGES.

THERE is plenty of room underground.
 It's a *nil* wind that does not blow at all.
 It is better to give advice than to receive medicine.
 A rolling-pin gathers no moss.
 The game is never won until the umpire has spoken.
 A run in time may save the nine.
 Blessed are the peace-makers, but not by those between whom they mediate.
 It is better to have two beaux to one's string.
 Little pitchers sometimes command big salaries.
 Talk is cheap, if you don't do it through the telephone.
 What is one man's food is another man's luxury.
 The pensioner is mightier than the sword-wielder in reducing the surplus.
 Necessity is the mother of conventions.
 Honor among aldermen.
 None but the suave conductor deserve the fare.
 Mules are stubborn facts.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.



HOT SPRINGS.



THE WATER GAP.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE.



PRECAUTIONARY.

"NOW, BILLY, WHIN YEZ GET OUT ON THE AVENOO, I DON'T WANT YEZ TER BE RACIN' THE ANIMAL LIKE MAUD S, AN' BE RISKIN' THE LOIVES OF YERSEL' AN' THE OTHER CHILDREN!"

A BRIGHT PAPER.

WIFE (to husband, who has been reading Puck): Do you find Puck a very bright paper, John?

JOHN: Bright? I should say so! The colors in the first cartoon fairly make my eyes ache.

SOME men have a mission; others have not even the promise of a consulate.

THE INCONSTANT.

I.

A PRETTY girl,
A summer night,
A moon,—
Impassioned fellow.
A gentle word,
A solemn vow,
A kiss.—
And all is well, oh!

II.

Again the girl,
Another night,
Same moon,—
Thus far 'tis well oh!
But if we took
Another look,
We'd sec.—
Another fellow!



THE SWITCH BACK.

F. G. Howard.



"BUT you are surely mad! How can you think of borrowing money on those terms, and from people of that stamp?"

"My dear fellow," replied Gontran, "better go to a scamp who lends you money at fifteen per cent. than to an honest man who refuses you at five!"—*Le Figaro*.

POSTAL CLERK: Here is a letter addressed to Colonel Blank, and it is reported that he is dead. What shall we do with it?

HEAD OF THE DIVISION: Supposed to be dead, eh? Well, send it to Philadelphia. If it don't reach him there it will have to go to the dead-letter office.—*Chicago Liar*.

"MR. CLUGSTON," exclaimed the foreman, coming into the sanctum hastily, "I'm sorry for the accident, but that half column piece of reprint about the Behring Sea troubles was skewjawked in taking the sidestick out of the galley, and it will take longer to straighten it up than to set the whole article up again."

"Haven't you anything to take its place?" inquired the editor of the Doodleville *Yelper*, passing his hand wearily over his pale brow.

"No, sir; and I ought to have gone to press an hour ago."

"Slide the article into the forms just as it is," said Mr. Clugston in a firm, ringing tone. "Put the head 'Choice Religious Miscellany' over it, and nobody will ever look at it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I GRASP the situation," said President Harrison, after listening for half an hour to the man who wanted an office.

"That's just the trouble," complained the suppliant. "What I want is for you to let go of the situation so that I can grasp it."—*Chicago News*.

"WHY, Jack, I hear that you have lost all your fortune. Wall Street, eh?"

"No, Tom, no. I can take care of myself in Wall Street. My wife wanted to be in the swim this summer, and I paid the rent of a Queen Anne cottage at the seaside for a month."—*Time*.

SNAGLY: Got the dead wood on the shoe-black just now, Rogg.

BOGG: How?

SNAGLY: Rung in a lead quarter on him, and skipped while he went for the change.

BOGG: Was it that red-headed boy with the big ears?

SNAGLY: Yes.

BOGG: Thought I saw him trying to put up a job with the boy who stuck you for a *Times*. How much did you give him?

SNAGLY: Why, half-a-dol—. Great Scott! I've got the same lead quarter back.—*Rochester Budget*.

"My dear sister, you should make a point of blushing when the Duke speaks to you."

"But I cannot."

"Then the Duke is not the man he used to be."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

CLARA: "Pugs are cute little things, but what are they good for?"

ETHEL: "Why, Clara, I'm astonished. Good for? Nature meant them to be the recipients of the affection which society might otherwise have lavished on mere children!"—*Grip*.

Packer's Tar Soap

"Bland, lathering readily, and in odor recalls the breath of balsamic woods."

A Hygienic Luxury, promoting a clear, soft, smooth skin, healthful scalp and vigorous hair. 25c. Druggists.

"Invaluable for Summer Rashes."

Sundborg's
PERFUMES
EDENIA
and
Goya Lily.



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AND

LADIES' ROUND HATS.

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and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.,
NEW YORK.

Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.

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Better

And more soothing to a disturbed condition of the nerves than a gentle fragrance in the atmosphere, calming irritation and almost unconsciously lulling the sufferer into quietude and enjoyment? Send 25c. for a sample jar of Metcalf's incomparable Sachet Powder, Violette or Heliotrope.
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We have devoted the entire SECOND FLOOR to the exhibition of our varied stock of Fabric and Draperies, both Foreign and Domestic, offering facilities for selection which cannot be found elsewhere.

MODERATE PRICE GOODS.

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· LIFE ·



REDFERN

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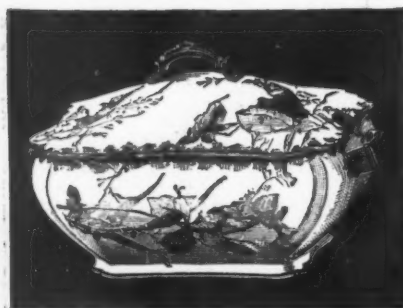
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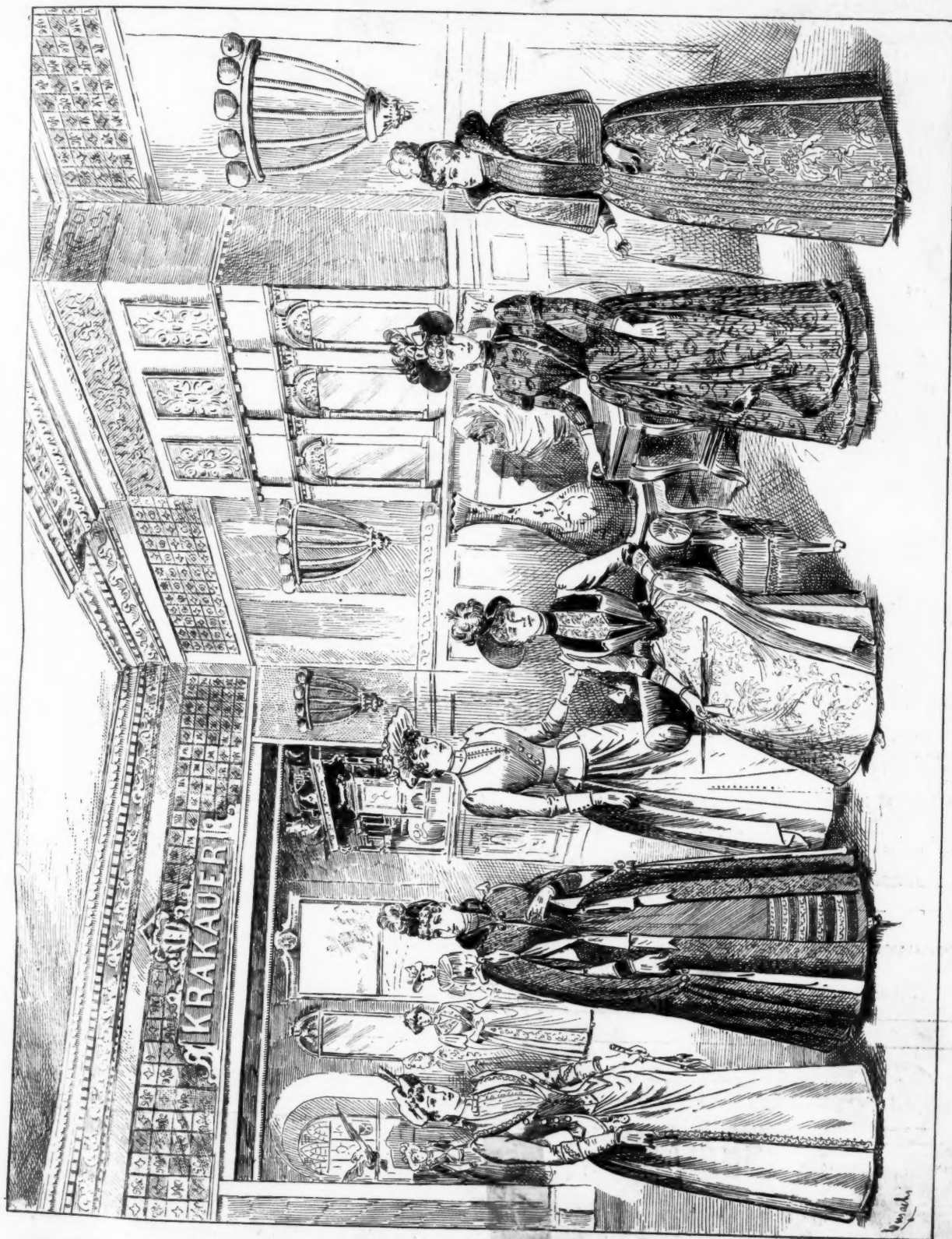
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